

Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XV—NO. 42.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1803.

WHOLE NO. 781.

RODOLPH.

A ROMANCE,—concluded.

SILENCE continued till Vice subdued the shock they had sustained, when they again broke forth in all the virulence of rage. "Seize her," exclaimed the barbarous chief—"let this moment be her last." She heard the sentence with pious calmness, and faintly ejaculated—"O God, thy will be done!" This temerity redoubled the fury of the villains, who saw, from her placid serenity, all their wicked purposes frustrated; now again with dreadful imprecations they raged at her firmness. Their coarse voices mingling with the reverberating echoes, overpowered the rattling peals of thunder. The captain, unheeding his comand, demanded she would listen to his proposal. She continued silent--her wondrous eyes bent downwards. "You have bid defiance to my threats and disregarded my intreaties--all my efforts of kindness or compulsion have been ineffectual," exclaimed the inhuman wretch. "I desire, therefore, madam, you will immediately humble your pride and yield; or expect a scene which will make you comply, however reluctant you may be." Rodolph heard this savage eloquence with horror, imagining that the innocent female would at last fall a victim to barbarity. "Look, raising his voice, exclaimed the chief, "at your virtuous overrude filier: where is the bloom that once glowed on her cheeks? she met the fate that awaits you, this, madam, taking her hand, which hung lifeless by her side, is the last effort." He led her to the side of the vault where Rodolph lay concealed: his mind was too much distracted to suffer her to look around, otherwise she would have discovered the broken coffin. The villains raised their flaming torches. "Look there madam," said the barbarous chief. She immediately raised her head— "God of my salvation!" burst with a violent shriek from her lips—"O my father! my parent!" The monster beheld with pleasure this burst of violence, whilst she continued shrieking, and calling heaven and her murdered father. "Is it thus," an agony of woe, exclaimed she, "that virtue is rewarded! O my father! my father!" Rodolph's mind was now completely prostrated, fearing lest he should be discovered, all his efforts struggling against the operations of a distracted mind proved in vain, and again a hollow groan issued from his bosom. The monsters heard it, but it had lost its effect: the frequency of guilt abounds and deadens all the feelings of humanity, it renders the human heart capable of attaining, without reflection or remorse, the highest state of guilt and depravity. Just so with the savage scorners, one of which, upon hearing the groan, drew his dagger and plunged into the bosom of the dead corpse, and with a dreadful imprecation demanded whether he meant to live for ever. Rodolph felt the point of the weapon--life for a time seemed suspended, whilst the lovely victim shrieked incessantly with wild and frantic gestures, and momentary pangs ensued. The thunders were now roaring with dreadful violence, and rolled with all their terrific grandeur over the earth.

The Captain, despising of the success of this last effort, burst into a violent rage, and raised his murderous weapon to strike at the tender bosom of the helpless female. Her voice had lost its energy, and she was then uttering, in a piteous

accent, "If mercy dwells in heaven!" The villain's hand was about to finish their barbarities when his arm suddenly stiffened, and remained uplifted--his countenance became immediately observed by the others. The terror which had descended upon the hard features of their leader was too visible to escape unobserved. The attitude of his body, and the wide stare of his eyes, displayed the inward workings of his guilty mind. The vault became suddenly illuminated with a more powerful light than their torches diffused--they immediately gazed around and beheld with horror and astonishment arise, in a vivid vapor, the spirit of the murdered Maria. The dread which overspread the murderous crew changed their affrighted faces to a ghastly pallor. Their lovely victim, aroused by their silence, looked up, saw the spirit, raised her hands and eyes to heaven, shrieked "Maria!" and fell lifeless. The spirit stood in a bold attitude—a loathsome pestilence fell from her shoulders, and appeared to display her breast streaming with blood--such at least the wretched monsters saw it. They stood like a group of statuary exhibiting the various forms which terror gives to the human countenance. The eyes of the Captain shone a frightful convexity--his mouth was wide dilated--not a breath passed his lips. The tremendous peals of thunder shook the cavern, and the crash of falling heaps heightened the dreadful sound. A sulphureous flame now filled the vault, and straightway mingled into forked lightnings. Such accompanying horrors smote their hardened breasts. The ruins again trembled—they heard

"Again the voice of time-departing howls
Tombs all precipitate, down dash'd,
Raving around."

A violent wind now rushed into the vault, accompanied with vivid lightning and sulphureous smoke; a bright flame burst forth in the centre of it: the vapor disappeared, and displayed the spirit of the murdered father. Nature again renewed its efforts to expel the horror of their debased mind. Their mouths grew more dilated, till they formed complete concaves; their eyes started with dreadful convexity beyond their sockets; their hands were still elevated with their torches, whose lights grew dim. Rodolph beheld from his concealment the glare of light, and conjectured from their silence they were preparing some dire vengeance against the return of animation in the fair victim. A deep and hollow moan issued from the spirit of the father, as he advanced towards the scoundrels; their knees trembling smote each other, and were almost insufficient to support their gigantic forms. Speech had forsaken their unsharpened lips; their teeth chattered, whilst their mouths closed and opened involuntarily. The shaggy and crooked locks which shaded their dark brows, and gave ferocity more fierceness, now bristled upwards. The spirit again advanced whilst the lightnings darted their fury--waved its ghastly hand, uttered, in a hollow tone, Villains, hellawa and ye. A momentary pause of dreadful silence ensued--the forked fires were gathering all their vengeance. A dreadful crash of thunder now burst in the cavern, whilst the red lightning spent its rage on the leader of this horrid banditti--he fell, shivered to atoms. Rodolph endured the most painful sensations, expecting every moment to be buried under falling towers.

... The dismal crash overwhelmed him in a gory ... a solemn silence again ensued....The monsters beheld, insatiate, the scattered limbs of their chief; nature refused them assistance, and they remained fixed:--a black vapor began to collect in one corner of the cavern--it increased, and nearly extinguished the light of their torches. Rodolph sickened with the noxious stench of the half putrid body, and a deep sigh escaped him. The villains were aroused from their horrid trance, and fearing a renewal of what they had witnessed on their chief, rushed precipitately up the stairs they had descended, and fled--the spirits disappeared with a furious burst of thunder. A long silence followed. Rodolph lay a considerable time in trembling suspense, listening fearfully; at length, finding the stillness continue, he raised himself half upwards--all was dreary; he immediately disengaged himself of the dead body, and descended from the coffin. A dreadful clap of thunder, at that instant, alarmed him of his danger; with haste he endeavored to find some way to escape. He now traced the broken walls; despair overwhelmed him, when expiring hope was aroused by feeling a small current of air against the side of his face, immediately extending his arms, he slept forward to that part from which it proceeded, and was suddenly stopped by some iron grating; he pushed against them with all the strength of despair, they yielded slowly to his efforts, with a dreadful noise. Rodolph passed hastily onward, till he tumbled on a flight of stone stairs, which terminated a long vaulted passage; he ascended them with agitation, till he came to the top; he paused, on perceiving a broad glare of light at the extremity of the gallery, which he was then entering. His terrified mind led him to imagine he should now be discovered by the villains who had escaped from the cavern, the light of whose torches he believed he now saw; he listened--his heart scarcely beat--no sound whatever broke the awful stillness; he ventured, softly, to advance--another flash of light illuminated the walls at the end of the gallery; again he paused--at that moment a most tremendous peal of thunder burst over the ruins--Rodolph grew more anxious for his personal safety, whilst the walls which surrounded him, shook and trembled excessively; again he advanced, till he came to the end of the gallery which opened into the middle aisle of a ruined chapel; the glare of light which he saw, was the refracted rays of lightning, which flashed incessantly through the gothic windows, which were nearly covered with matting ivy.--Chimels seized Rodolph whilst he looked around him, and beheld, by the continued flashes, the havoc that dread destroyer, Time, had made in this consecrated place--he was riveted to the spot on which he stood, ten thousand images of horror crowding on his mind; he was intensely looked forward, when he thought he beheld something glide swiftly across the bottom of the aisle--immediately he proceeded; his terrors were instantly absorbed in the ebullitions of despair; he followed the appearance, who suddenly hearing the sound of footsteps, looked back in amazement and fright, and fell to the ground. Rodolph now came to the spot, where lay, in a swoon, the object of his former solicitude; he endeavored to raise her, but terror had, for a time, deprived her of her faculties. He was wrapt in the contemplation of the horrid

sufferings the unfortunate female had endured ; she sighed, looked up ; her head again drooped on her shoulder. "Madam," said Rodolph, in a voice and tone querulous with grief, "fear no longer. Kind heaven has heard your prayers, and brings you relief." He raised her, took her arm within his, and walked forward ; the suddenly complied, bre king the dread stillness now and then with a heart-rending sigh. Rodolph was not insensible to her distress, and partook, in silence, of her grief. The lightning continued flashing with encreasing fury, and the thunders again trembled the tottering ruins. A momentary darkness, which intervened the flashes, displayed to Rodolph, at the remote part of the chancel, a small blue flame ; he spoke not : the trembling fair followed him in dejected silence. The flame went forward as he advanced. Rodolph was animated with hope, and went onward ; the flame still continued moving, and appeared a little elevated. He now perceived they had come to the foot of a stair-case. They continued following ; the light conducted them to an aperture in the wall of the gallery, at the entrance of which was a small door, which opened as the flame advanced. They were left now in darknes ; the lightning's glare could no longer be seen. The female sighed ; an Rodolph ejaculated his prayers in silence to heaven ; the door shut with great violence, and echoed through the ruined pile. Rodolph endeavored to open it, and succeeded : the light had vanished ; the female again sighed ; and Rodolph was alarmed lest the shoud ag in swoon. He address d her, with assurances of her safety, and begged her to rely upon him who was endeavoring to relieve her. They again went forward, and ascended some broken steps, so narrow as scarce to admit them. The small blue flame now appeared round an angle, they followed ; it beamed with a sudden brightness, and disapeared. Perplexity now surrounded Rodolph, not knowing which way to advance or return, when he was greatly surprised to feel a strong current of wind rushing down the stairs. He again ventured to proceed, and turned the angle, ascending some stone steps still more ragged and narrow than those they had passed : they continually varied their direction, till Rodolph dispairing of success, broke the stillness with an impassioned supplication to Heaven. He supported the drooping female, and advanced another step, when his head struck against something which hung over him. Terror seized him, and in an agony he lifted his hands when he laid hold of a fragment of rock which hung a considerable way down. The freshness of the air revived him, languid with fatigue ; he raised himself another step, and pushed against the rock, hoping he might be able to discover some aperture : it gave way, and he found his head above the cavity. At the moment he forced the stone aside, the welkin seemed all on fire. Rivers of red lightning were laving along the ground. Rodolph led her from the dread mansion, and hurried through the ruins ; the thunders concentrated their force ; the blasting lightnings collected all their vengeance. Horror seized Rodolph, and he stood motionless ; the fair sufferer sighed and wept, fearful lest some fragment of the ruined mansions might fall. He moved farther from them in dread and horror. The thunders broke loose with a tremendous roar. Large balls of fire rushed from the gaping sky : the earth trembled ; the caverns groaned beneath the weight of tottering columns, and, with redoubled violence, all the rage of Heaven rushed tempestuous upon these mansions of woe. The aged pile sustained not the shock ; heap after heap fell, and mingled in dire confusion with the conflicting elements, till the whole building rushed down, and buried those fiends of hell who had escaped the fury of the indignant spirits.

[The residue of the MS. has suffered so much from the pressure of Time as to render it totally illegible.]

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

AN ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT in the fleeting life of mortal man ?-----
It's due extended measures but a span,
A Dream---that leaves no memory behind,
A Bubble---blown away by every wind,
A Glass---that's broke, and scarcely lasts a day,
As Ice---which quickly melts in streams away,
A Flower---which fades as soon as in the bloom,
A Tale---it's morning told, forgotten e're 'tis noon,
As Grass---cut down and wither'd in an hour,
A Shadow---which hath no continuance in its power,
As Dust---that's driven by the whirling storm,
A Point---that knows no substance, parts or form,
A Voice---which nothing but a sound can boast,
A Sound---that in surrounding air is lost ;
A Vapor---of's about by ev'ry breath,
A Nothing---such is man the sport of Time and Death.

LOVE IN A STORM.

LOUD sung the wind in the ruins above,
Which murmur'd the warning of Time o'er our head ;
While fearless we offer'd devotions to love,---
The rude rock our pillow, the rushes our bed.

Damp was the chill of the wintry air,
But it made us cling closer and warmly unse ;
Dead was the lightning and horrid its glaze,
But it show'd me my Julia in languid delight.

To my bosom she nestled, and felt not a fear,
Though the shower did beat, and the tempest did frown ;
Her sighs were as sweet, and her murmurs as dear,
As if she lay lull'd on a pillow of down.

THE OLD MAID'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of an antique maid,
Who mourns her single, sad, forlorn estate ;
Ye bachelors, attend to my complaint,
And let compassion soothe my fate.

Hard is the lot of the unwedded dame,
To pals'mid scorns and jeers her time of life ;
Who gladly would her liberty resign,
To gain that enviable title---wife.

From this pale cheek, 'he crimson tints are fled,
By cruel Time of every charm deflower'd ;
Dissipate with all, and with myself displeas'd,
I brood in silence---by the spleen devout'd.

While disappointment preys upon my mind,
And all fair wedlock's prospects round me close,
Oh ! blame not if, with care-dispelling glass,
I gain a short oblivion of my woes.

Once I knew happier days, when halcyon mirth
Gilt the bright pinions of each joyous hour ;
Each golden morning wak'd me to new bliss,
And sable eve to charms possess'd the power.

Pity, ye bachelors, her hapless lot,
Who sighs "to love, to honor, and obey ;"
Then Love shall shower his blessings on your heads,
And gentle Hymen the kind deed repay.

INGREDIENTS WHICH COMPOSE MODERN LOVE.

TWENTY glances, twenty tears,
Twenty hopes, and twenty fears,
Twenty times assail your door,
And, if denied, come twenty more !
Twenty letters, perfum'd sweet,
Twenty nods in every street,
Twenty oaths, and twenty lies,
Twenty smiles, and twenty sighs ;
Twenty times, in jealous rage,
Twenty beauties to engage,
Twenty tales, to whisper low,
Twenty billet doux, to shew ;
Twenty times a day, to pals
Before a flatt'ring looking-glass !
Twenty times to flop your coach,
With twenty words of fond reproach ;
Twenty days of keen vexations,
Twenty---Opera effigiations.
Twenty such loves may be found,
Sighing for---twenty thousand pound !
But, take my word, ye Girls of taste,
You'll find them not worth twenty pence !

REMARK.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Should you think the following Letter to a Young Lady, (written by a friend, on some of the most important subjects which can interest a female) worthy of notice, you are at liberty to publish its contents.

YOU, doubtless, recollect, my fair friend, the short time since you desired me to give you something in the form of advice ; and as I am fully persuaded that your motives for making a request of such a nature were just, I proceed without hesitation to the task.

Allow me, however, before I say any thing farther, briefly to remark, that you are not to consider me as assuming the dictatorial office, and with a stern and silly self-confidence, enacting rules which are to regulate the conduct of others, while I look upon myself as entirely above their reach, on the contrary, I sincerely affirm that in my conduct generally I do not think myself equally correct with the person whom I now address.

These things in view, I ask your serious attention to what follows—

Let me first recommend to you a steady and universal sincerity, a sincerity which shall effectually embrace every word and every action : this will strike at the root of ambiguity and equivocation, and give frankness to your conversation infinitely more interesting than all the hypocrisy of modern politeness. You will not here suppose me to approve of that abrupt and merciless spirit of sarcasm which indiscriminately lashes the bushful and the buxom, the innocent and the guilty : on the other hand, the line of conduct which I would enforce is equally remote from duplicity on the one side, and bluntness on the other.

Ag in, dignity of character in our common intercourse with mankind is essential. We can in no other way insure ourselves that respect so necessary to peace and usefulness. On this subject I might descend to a thousand particulars, let it suffice generally to remark, that every thing however minute which has a tendency to lower our reputation with the good and the wise is to be studiously avoided. Your own discernment will undoubtedly point out most things which would have this effect.

Once more—allow me earnestly to press upon you that kindness to your fellow-creatures, and more particularly to those with whom you are immediately connected in society, which is the direct result of universal benevolence. This is not confined to giving merely, but extends to all those little acts of friendship which tend so effectually to smooth the thorny path of life. Console your friends in their distress, rejoice with them in their prosperity, and watch over them in their sickness ; in this way you will be rendering yourself universally beloved, and should you ever witness sorrow there will not be wanting those who would willingly make any sacrifice to promote your happiness.

The last thing which I shall at this time impress upon you is, that you be not hasty in your decisions upon the merits of others. If you are, you will one day or other be led into a snare.

I have now finished my observations on the subject proposed. You will always bear in mind that they come from one who is not insensible to his own faults, but who would feel himself highly obliged to any candid friend who should point them out.

If it will be any recommendation to what has been advanced, allow me to assure you that I take an interest in your welfare, which will subside only with my life, and that I shall always consider the doing you a service one of the highest gratifications of which I am capable.

Sincerely yours,

L.

ANECDOTE.

A Schoolmaster having turned dancing-master, some of his friends expressed a little surprise at the metamorphosis. "You need not astonish yourselves," said he ; "my learning has sunk into my heels, while I find it will be of more use to me."

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For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM,
SONNET TO MISS *****.

NOT on the features of the perfect face;
Nor on the clear bloom of the rosy cheek,
Nor the lips that I love alone to gaze,
But on the aspect, where bewitching speak
Feeling, and sweet intelligence; and beam
From the full eye the ardor of the heart;
And where the glows that o'er the aspect start,
Speak the emotions that occasion'd them--
Unfated still I look. But O! when join
Beauty and fine expression, what delight
Steals to the heart, as on the raptur'd light
Falls the soft lustre of the face divine!
ANNA! in thee I see such graces shine,
And therefore now I hail thee dear as bright.
ALFONSO.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, December 31, 1803.

The number of deaths in this city for the week ending Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are, adults 24--children 14--Total 38.

Caution to parents.--The child of a gentleman in Courtland-street, about three years old, had a cent given it as a plaything. After a short time the cent was missing, and the child was seized with a violent vomiting. Upon enquiry it was found, that the child had swallowed the cent. Two physicians were sent for, who prescribed what according to their judgment would give the most effectual relief. Their patient is still alive, and it is hoped will eventually recover, but its life is still considered to be in danger.

The fortunate holders of No. 16365, which drew 3000 Dollars on Wednesday in the Poor Widows Lottery, are Mr. George Brinkerhoff, and Cornelius Wilse, two respectable farmers of Hopewell in Dutchess County.

By the last mail, government has received dispatches from New-Orleans, dated as late as the 29th ult., by which it appears, that Mr. Landais, who was charged with the original orders to Mr. Laussat, to receive Louisiana from Spain, arrived there late on the 25th ult., and that the 30th at noon, was appointed by the Spanish and French Commissioners as the time for the delivery on the part of Spain and the receipt of possession on the part of France. By subsequent accounts from Natchez as late as the 2d of December, the forces of the United States were embarking in order to proceed with Governor Claiborne and General Wilkinson, the American Commissioners, to receive and occupy the country, in the name of the United States.

Accounts from Canton state, that the following events had thrown the Court of Pekin into great disorder. A favorite wife of the Emperor dying, the circumstance was not published, on account of the political disturbance, till the day previous to her interment. In the mean time, according to the predictions of the Astrologers, lightning fell upon the place, and consumed the commodious and beautiful Hall of Audience: the flames extended to the Haram, destroyed it, with nearly 200 adjacent houses; nor were they extinguished till the following day at the hour of the second prayer. The day of this calamity being festival little attention was paid to it, but it derived increased consideration from the circumstance of the Emperor becoming on the morning following seriously indisposed through grief and anxiety. The Prince was interred in secret, in a grotto, in a mountain, the usual cemetery of the ladies of the Royal Haram, and the horses which belonged to her were turned loose to range on the mountain, until her sons, according to custom, became of age to claim them. A number of women and eunuchs have received five years wages for agreeing to live in the tomb, and when dead they are to be buried therein. The emperor, at the date of the accounts, was said to remain seriously indisposed.

Extract of a letter from St. Martin, dated Nov. 24, 1803.

This day arrived a s.s. from Baltimore, which in lat. 32° N. long. 66° W. took the people from the wreck of the ship Hawk, captain Alexander Night, from Demarara, bound to Portsmouth, (N. H.) The people left the ship in their own boat, and went along side the s.s.; the sea running very high, every man jumped on board the s.s. excepting three passengers, a man his wife, and child. The man handed his child on board, the boat not being made fast, and half full of water, dropped off, and himself and wife were both drowned, it being 8 o'clock in the evening and very dark. I saw the child this morning, he is a fine boy of only eleven months old.--A gentleman by the name of Howell, has taken the child as one of his own.--I had the above from Capt. Night, who desired me to have it published in the Portsmouth paper.

On the 29th of October, in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, a young lady made way with herself by poison.

She had unfortunately been prevailed upon to quit the roof of her only friend she had in the world, with a gentleman who had seduced her. A little time and reflection, however, were sufficient to awaken in a once-virtuous mind the sense of shame and contrition. The uneasiness and despondency under which she labored did not escape the observation of her seducer, who was heard to say to her, on the morning of the above day--"I fear you are meditating some black design?" She replied--"I am indeed: and you are the cause of it."

About eleven o'clock on the same morning, after the gentleman was gone out, she observed--"I have a letter for my friend: but--it is too cruel!--he shall not have it--I will burn it." Upon which she immediately threw it into the fire. Then, adding--"I am very cold--and shall soon be no more"--she went upstairs; was shortly taken with strong convulsions, and expired in about three hours.

NORFOLK, DECEMBER 17.

We understand by a gentleman from Curriack that a brig went on shore last Sunday evening. In the morning the had gone to pieces, and the bodies of 16 French passengers drifted into the land. It is supposed she is valubly laden, as a number of bales and trunks were driven on the beach.

APHORISMS.

All men wish to be more happy than they can be; yet most men might easily be more happy than they really are.

The word enemy has a double meaning; it signifies him whom we hate, as well as him who hates us.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

ANECDOTE.

IT was formerly the custom in England for men only to appear on the stage, it being tho' extremely indecent and unbecoming for the other sex to talk of and discuss the tender passion before an audience. This strange idea prev ied even so late as the reign of Charles the 1st, who being remarkably fond of theatrical enterainments, always took care to be present at the commencement. His Majesty having waited one evening greatly beyond the usual time, and the curtain not drawing up, he grew impatient, and sent into the green-room to give orders that the play might begin immediately. The manager conceiving that, with a facetious good natured prince, the real execute would be the best, replied that "He hoped that his Majesty would wait a few minutes longer, for that the Queen had not yet shaved herself."

COURT OF HYMEN.

WHEN Adversity triumphs, and Sorrow's rude breath
The aspect of Joy overthrows,
The smile of a wife forch the mourner from death,
And with tender consolatice his woes.

MARRIED.

On Friday the 16th inst. at Hempstead, L. I. by the Rev. Mr Hart, Mr STEPHEN POWELL, of Jericho, to Miss PHEBE STYMSR, daughter of Mr Theophilus Stymsr, of Bellport.

At Rockaway, by the Rev. Mr Hart, on Sunday the 18th, Mr JAMES BURTIS, to Mrs. MARY WRIGHT, widow of the late Thomas Wright.

Same evening, at Hempstead, by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr JOSEPH S. WRIGHT, to Miss ELIZABETH PETTER, daughter of Mr. B. Petter

Some evening, at Cedar-Swamp, by the Rev. Mr Coles, Mr ASA BAKER, of Wellbury, to Miss ELIZABETH DODGE, of Jericho.

Some evening, at Catskill, by the Rev. David Porter, Mr THOMAS PHÆBUS, of this city to Miss MABEL STREET, daughter of Mr. Caleb Street, of that village.

On Tuesday evening last week, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr JACOB C. ARTHUR, to Miss JANE EBBETS, daughter of Mr. Daniel L. Ebbets, merchant.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr Miller, Mr JOHN WILSEY, of Poughkeepsie, to Miss REBECCA GILLILAND, daughter of the late Capt. James Gilliland, of this city.

On Christmas-eve, by the Rev. Mr Louw, of Flatbush, HENRY MASTERTON, Esq. to Miss HELEN LASHER, youngest daughter of Col. Lasher.

Same evening, HENRY SCHENCK, Esq. Miss LYDIA BLACKWELL, daughter of Samuel Blackwell, Esq. of Hallett's Cove.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr CALVIN BAKER, to Miss MARY HARNED.

DIED.

On Sunday last, in the prime of life, Miss CATHERINE EGERTON, daughter of Mr Benjamin Egerton, merchant, of this city, after a tedious and severe illness, which she bore with fortitude characteristic of the christian. She was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, and an agreeable and sincere friend. Her loss is deeply deplored by all who had the happiness of her acquaintance.

SINCE 'tis the common portion of us all,
To youth or feeble age to fall;
By Adam's d'lobidience since we find,
The dreadful curse enall'd on all mankind,
That tyrant, Death, who no regard ex'ends
To age, to youth, to fox, to foes, to friends,
Desp'cates, no rival shareth his sway,
But all in turn his tyranny obey.
Nor must we here repine at partial fate,
Because heav'n gives not a more lasting date;
'Tis the Almighty's will, and here we rest,
That the Almighty's will is always best,
With resignation we must bear and know,
That the Omnipotent decides the blow;
That God, who order'd nature by his will,
Can with a nod, a touch, destroy or kill.

BAPTIST CHARITY SCHOOL.

To-morrow Evening, the 11 January, (if fair weather) a Charity Sermon will be preached in the BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE, in Gold-Street, and a Collection made for the benefit of the Charity School;--after which several pieces of vocal music will be performed by a Select Choir, under the direction of Mr. CONNEY.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, the grand Dramatic Romance of

Blue Beard.

To which will be added a FARCE in 3 Acts, called

Next-door Neighbor.

On Tuesday evening,

George Barnewell, with Entertainments.

FOUND, a few days since, a note of hand for upwards of one hundred dollars. The owner by applying to this office may have it again.

Dec. 31

on is known, if I have promoted his success I have only performed my duty; if I have,

COURT OF APOLLO.

for the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM

A Friend to the Drama wishes to see the following published in the MUSEUM.

LYRICAL EPILOGUE TO "JOHN BULL."

Sung by Mr HARWOOD.

I'M come here d'ye see, to do something new,
So I hope you'll allow me a fiddle or two.
At talking I'm strange as the man in the moon;
So if I should sing, I should speak more in tune.
Tol de reh, &c.
And methinks now I hear the critic men say,
"Tis a trumpery, Bartleby-fair kind of play;
It smells strong of Smithfield--that all must allow,
For it's all about bulls and the yellow red cow.
And yet a good moral the author indites,
For the blessings it parts of an Englishman's rights--
A brazier's the man, and the batters all
Know, that brats has great weight, sir, in Westminster hall.

But still an improbable tale has been told,
That Peregrine swam, sir, though loaded with gold;
If he who sinks cash should happen to swim,
Pounds to shillings I'll bet, his cash will not sink him.
But now an excuse comes plump to my sight--
Suppose we should prove that the guineas were light?
An o do these sad tricks, sir, all men have a hank,
For the guineas are closely shut up in the bank!

Then obeying the dictates of nature's first law,
A delicate female has made a faux pas;
But critics, who to praise, sir, are never in haste,
Will, I fear, not agree that the incidents chaste.
Tom Shovelton oft may in Bond-street be found,
And if all the puppies were in bams to be drown'd,
At this real maxim you need not admire,
For a wager I'll bet they'll not let it on fire!

Then, Mr. Bulgruddery, and his fat dear--
A sweet pair who agree, sir, like thunder and beer--
Though Bulmer's jokes are worn out and hack'd,
Yet how charmingly, sure, Mr. Harwood did act.
I've given you now the best parts of the play,
Which I hope you'll not drive, sir, completely away;
But mighty be fester'd, with glee, to go on,
By unanimous voice, though I fear not nem. con.
Then let us reflect, with pleasure and pride,
On the comforts surrounding each man's fire side;
At which should the foe e'er insultingly frown,
May he ne'er want a poker to knock him flat down!

ANACREONTIC.

FRIEND of my soul! this goblet sips,

"Twll chase the pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere,
Like her delusive beam,
"Twll steal away the mind;
But, like Affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind!

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,
Their flow'rs were cult'd at noon;
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon!
For, though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more.

ANECDOTE.

THE tradesman of a certain great man, having dunned him a long while, he desired the servant one morning to admit the tailor, who had not been so constant in his attendance as the rest. When he made his appearance, "My friend," said he to him, "I think you are an honest fellow, and I have a great regard for you; therefore I tell you plainly, you will never get a farthing from me: so now go home and mind your business; as for the others, there are a set of vagabonds for whom I have no affection; for they may live as much time as they choose in calling on me."

WASHING.

Gentlemen by sending their clothes to No. 50 Batavia Lane, may have them washed and done up in the best manner, and on reasonable terms. July 30.

MORALIST.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

NOW will I climb you rough rocks giddy height,
That o'er the ocean bends his brow severe;
And as I muse on Time's neglected flight,
Wait the last laugh of the parting year.

MERRY.

THE close of the year leads us to reflections, which, however important they may be, do not always occupy us as they ought. Our life is short and transitory. Let us consider with what swiftness the days, the weeks, the months and the years have passed or rather flown away. Let us call them to mind, and follow them in their rapid flight. Is it possible to give an account of the various years? If there had not been in our lives certain very remarkable moments, which made impressions on our minds, we should be still less able to recollect the histories of them--A thousand accidents break the tender thread of life. The child just born, falls and is reduced to dust. The young man, who gave the highest hopes, is cut down in the age of bloom and beauty; a violent illness, an unfortunate accident lays him in the grave. Dangers and accidents multiply with years--. May we then employ those days, so short and so important, in learning how to number them, and to redeem the time which flies so swiftly away! What a precious treasure of days and hours should we not lay up, if from the moments which we have to dispose of, we often devoted some of them to so useful a purpose! Let us think of it seriously; every instant is a portion of life impossible to be recalled, but the remembrance of which may be either the source of joy or sorrow. What heavenly enjoyment it is to be able to look happy on the past, and to say to one's self with truth, I have lived so many years, during which I have done a rich field of good works; I do not wish to begin them again, but I do not regret they have passed! We should be able to hold this language if we fulfilled the end for which life was given us; if we devoted the short space of time to the great interests of eternity.

JAMES THORBURN

No. 26 Maiden-Lane, corner of Castle-Street, returns his thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has received, and beseeches their continuance of their favors. He has received per the ships Juno and Diligence from Amsterdam, a large and elegant assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes Baskets of different sizes,
Wine Glass Baskets, round and oval,
Handsome Toilet Baskets,
Large and small Trunk do,
Handsome Market do,
Ladies fine Knitting Baskets, different sizes,
Handsome Children's do. do. patterns,
do. Bread do.
do. Counter do.
do. Tumbler do. different sizes,
do. Knife do. do. do.
East India, Duveline and Holland Table Mats,
Together with a large assortment of Fans, Pails, Coolers, &c. also Common Baskets different kinds. Dec. 24.

APROPPOS!

FREDERICK WM. DANNENBERG, No. 53 Maiden-Lane, respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of N. York, and its environs, that he has opened a very general assortment of TOYS, jointed Dolls, elegantly dressed, of all sizes, and a great variety of other fancy articles, intended to amuse and instruct the rising generation. Dec. 24.

LIQUID BLACKING.

TICE'S improved shining liquid blacking for boots-shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last, and never fails. Black morocco that has lost its luster is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail and for exportation, by J. Tice at his perfumery store, No. 112 William Street, and by G. Camp, No. 143 Pearl street, where all orders will be thankfully received and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. Tice, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of perfumery of the first quality. Dec. 27.

M. WATSON.

No. 18 Dey street, has just opened an elegant assortment of CHILD BED LINEN, gentlemen's embroidered Shirts, Cravats, and Shirt Handkerchiefs, &c. also, Sheets, Towels, &c. &c. Nov. 19.

NEW NOVEL.

This day published by BURNTON and DARLING, No. 116 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel, ZAIDA or DERERONEMENT OF MOHAMMED IV; a novel founded on historic facts, translated from the German of August Von Kanzelhoe, never before published in the English language; to which is added an historic drama called BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN, by the same author.

MISS SULLIVAN.

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, she has opened a DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL, Cherry-Street No. 99, a few doors from the New-Ship, the reception of Young Ladies. She devotes herself, her attention to the intellects and improvement of those who may be intrusted to her care, to merit a liberal sum of encouragement. Those Ladies who would wish to complete in writing, by applying to Miss Sullivan will taught that art in a few lessons only; and such as can make it convenient to come to her School, the will be invited, attend them at their houses.

N. B. Cards of the terms may be had at No. 63 Chestnut, or at her School.

Dec. 8, 18.

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE, Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whiting and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy--this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DU BOIS, perfumer, No. 81

William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatum, all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of best Soaps and Wash-Balls, Essences and Scented Water Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Artificial Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenoak Tisane for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Scent, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razors Strops of the best kind, handless Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Combs, Swan-down and Silk Puffs, Pinning and Curling Irons, &c.

June 25.

ROBERT M. MENNONY,

No. 72 John-street, offers for sale,
177 lbs prime, 40 do mfrs, 19 do cargo Pork,
17 do prime Beef,
20 Spanish fancy figured rush mats,

London particular MADEIRA WINE, in pipes, hogheads and qr. casks. (Nov. 5)

M. NASH'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 79 Beckman Street.

LATELY added to this Library, the Encyclopedias Britannica, with the supplement, 20 vols. 4to. The Preceptor, containing a system of education, 2 vols. 8vo. Hayley's Life of Cowper, N. Y. edition, 2 vols. in 1. 8vo. Berkeley's Minute Philosopher, 8vo. Hull's Tales in Poetry, 8vo. Burns's Poems, 8vo. British Theatre, 34 vols. Butler's Hudibras, 12mo. Together with several other valuable publications, and a variety of the most esteemed Novels, Romances and Plays. The terms for Subscribers and readers by the single volume, may be known by enquiring at the Library between the hours of 6 and 9 in the evening.

Dec. 17.

WITHOUT SEAM.

PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the public, that he still continues carrying on the above business, and that he has procured a quantity of STOUT CANVAS manufactured for the express purpose, from one to seven yards in width, together with other improvements, which will enable him to carry on the business on a more extensive and perfect plan than he has heretofore had it in his power to do; and is now able to serve his customers with this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimension, equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported, and in a much shorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Those ladies and gentlemen, who wish to be supplied with the above articles for the approaching summer, will do well to forward their orders soon, that the Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the spring, as some time is necessary for seasoning.

Orders left at Osborn and Van Nostrand's, No. 2 Beckman Slip, New-York, or at the Factory, in Brooklyn Long-Island, will be assiduously attended to. Dec. 17.

NEW-YORK,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.

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Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 4—VOL. XVI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1804.

NO. 782.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

AN HISTORICAL LEGEND.

ABOUT the year 1192, when Richard of England was laying siege to Alcaloo, his attention was frequently arrested by a stripling, who fought with amazing intrepidity by the side of the heroic Earl of Albany. He conducted all his movements with the deliberate courage of a veteran, though the appearance of his person evinced he had not yet attained the age of manhood.

Some time previous to the taking of Alcaloo, Richard, in an engagement, had been basely deserted by his allies, and, nearly overpowered by numbers, was in great danger of falling himself by the hand of the infidels. His natural courage surmounted all difficulties in the field; and, with a band of trusty soldiers, he fought his way thro' an host of foes, and gained a position for his army; but he had here the mortification to hear that all had not been so fortunate, for that part of the rear had been made prisoner.

The enemy may gain intelligence of our enterprise, and we may fall an easy prey to those we have often vanquished. Already have the fair features of early morning illuminated our banners, and blushed at our delay. Come on, then, for death or liberty, in an instant!"

His body of archers commenced the action with their usual courage and success. The Saracens were thrown into the greatest confusion, and the wounds they had received from the English archers inflicted the severest tortures: they turned to revenge their sufferings on their helpless captives; but, in the moment of terror and dismay, fell in promiscuous heaps by each other's sabres. In the midst of this horrible confusion, Albany descried a slight breach in the walls by which he thought they might make themselves masters of the garrison. He departed, unobserved by all but Edgar, who followed him. By this aperture they, with great danger and invincible perseverance, gained the first platform of the fortress. They paused—“We must,” said Albany, “make our way to the battlements, and release our comrades. My brave boy, it is death or victory!”

“Lead on, my Lord,” said Edgar; “and trust me that Edgar will not disgrace the lessons you have taught him.”

“I do not fear you,” replied Albany. “But hear me, Edgar!—I am now bound with cords; we cannot them;—but I am cleft; for the Saracens are daily apprehensive of our scaling ladders; front. He, down all opposition, and follow me!”

A sentinel appeared: he waved his sabre at them: but Lord Albany, with his scimitar, laid him prostrate on the ground. With little further opposition, they gained the battlements. The horrid carnage still reigned; the assailants had scaled their ladders; in the confusion the sword of Albany released the prisoners, who, animated by his presence, seized the sabres of their vanquished enemies. The slaughter became general, and Edgar fought by the side of Albany with undaunted resolution. The Saracens fell on all sides; and, to the unspeakable astonishment of the troops below, Edgar appeared in front of the battlements, and displayed the banners of the cross; and Albany shortly received his sovereign at the gates.

No time was to be lost. It was necessary that they should make good their retreat, for fear of surprise. This was happily performed, amid the joyful acclamations of those whom this heroic exploit had freed from slavery and death; and though many had fallen by the hands of the Saracens, there were yet vast numbers restored to strengthen the army of their gallant leader.

After Richard had reposed a few hours, to recover his fatigue, he summoned Albany to his apartment.—“Welcome, my soldier,” said he—“what reward in adequate to the services you have performed; to the unvaried and vigorous support which you have ever given to our righteous cause? Tax our generosity; and, trust us, you shall not be disappointed.”

“My Leige Lord,” replied Lord Albany, “I am no needy soldier, fighting under Fortune's banners for precarious favors. More wealth to me would be useless; more power might be dangerous. If I possess the favor of my Prince, my ambition is gratified; if I have promoted his success I have only performed my duty.”

A convulsion followed; death arrested the sentence, and the soldier spoke no more. Lord Albany, true to his trust, took Edgar to his own tent; informed his mind, at leisure times, in the learning of the age, and instructed him in the art of war.

Edgar was wise beyond his years, brave, and generous; he felt most forcibly the endearing kindness of his patron, and strove to repay him by every method which gratitude could devise. He sought by his side, and had more than once ward off the blow which was levelled at the life of his more than parent; but never was his courage so conspicuous, or his conduct so entirely martial, as at the siege of Alcaloo, where we have before observed he attracted the notice of his sovereign.

“Tell him,” said Richard, “that we commend his bravery; and that we rejoice at having so potent a protector as the Earl of Albany.”

Albany bowed, and soon after left the presence of his sovereign. Variety of occupations pressed on the time of Richard, and the thought no more of Albany's brave boy, till the chance of war again forced him on his notice; and thus it was.

He was a nobleman of high descent, lord of immense possessions, valorous to a proverb, and generous as brave: in short, he was the pride of Knighthood, and the soul of Honor.

To avoid giving any suspicion of their intended enterprise, they agreed to meet privately the following evening, without the city. This was accomplished, and Lord Albany, attended by Edgar and a chosen body of archers, waited their approach. About midnight they reached the fortress, which they summoned to surrender. The besieged prepared for resistance, and the veteran band for an immediate attack. The former placed their prisoners on the walls, and swore by Allah that the first volley of the assailants should be the signal for the death of their prisoners. This cruel menace created a dreadful panic; for Richard well knew they were capable of performing the most outrageous acts of slaughter. Every heart was bursting with indignation; every bosom was riven with horror.

“Follow soldiers,” said Richard, “every moment that we linger increases our hazard of victo-

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